

Look Out for the Complete Novel in To-Morrow's Sunday World.

TO-MORROW.

Sunday, July 24.

Not one of the regular readers of THE SUNDAY WORLD should fail by any chance to-morrow to secure for himself a copy of this newspaper. Those who dwell in outer darkness, befuddling their brains with inferior publications, should read this brief announcement of a few of THE WORLD'S features for this coming Sunday.

MADMOISELLE IXE.

This cleverly written and exciting novel will be printed complete in this single edition of THE SUNDAY WORLD. It tells the story of a young Russian girl who deliberately plans to murder a man who has oppressed her people, and who carries out her plan. The character is drawn in most admirable fashion. The young nihilist, who with a fixed purpose enters an English family as governess, grows upon the reader as she does upon the quiet English people who have employed her. The tragic ending of her career leaves her friends in real life and in the book more devoted to her than possible. It is a story to make many girls wish that they had something bigger on hand than dresses and bathing suits or silly young men to occupy their minds.

THE ICEMAN'S NOTE-BOOK.

This is a series of beautiful pictures from the diary of Mr. Harrison, of Indiana. They will be found very satisfying to the political, humorous and artistic instincts of all. They show Mr. Harrison and his legislative associates as history will see them. It is the past and the future looking at modern Republicanism.

NELL NELSON.

This able and observant young writer tells about the babies in Berlin. The tale is calculated to keep an American baby from emigrating to Germany. Over there the very smallest images of their Creator have to do something for a living. They begin to do hard work as soon as they are physically capable of performing it. It is an outburst of the effect which it must have on their future, and their lot in many ways a very sad one.

A GIFTED VIBRANT BABOON.

This is a recent addition to the population of our metropolis, and it appears that he is an acquisition worthy of our high rank in the sisterhood of cities. He is below our average in sheer intelligence, but sets us all a fine example in his patience and in his willingness to learn. There is no doubt that he now possesses one of the most valuable of all qualities, the gift of a good temper, and that he is a child's creation, but not a childish one. It deals with love and human vanity in very great abundance, and introduces Greeley and the handsomest man in the world as well.

A PLAY BY GREELEY'S GRANDCHILD.

This remarkable work will interest all citizens who have brains that work. It is interesting because it is the product of a thoughtful and original mind. It is a young girl, because it stands for the value of the Greeley blood, and also because the father of the gifted young person was once well known to all America as the handsomest man in the world. It is a child's creation, but not a childish one. It deals with love and human vanity in very great abundance, and introduces Greeley and the handsomest man in the world as well.

SULLIVANIANA.

Interest in the great and unconquerable Mr. Sullivan must now grow as the time approaches for him to add new laurels to his brow and to the brow of this proud nation. In THE WORLD TO-MORROW there will be found varied and gratifying information for the thousands who think more of Sullivan than of free trade or the silver question. They will hear of Mr. Sullivan as a playwright, as a poker-player—in which role he shines less than some of his fellows—and as a careful and proud statesman.

MADAME RAYMOND'S STORY.

A romantic tale of murder that has just been told in the courts of Paris. Mme. Raymond displayed much woman's wit in arranging to kill the man who had wronged her, and she succeeded perfectly. She was acquitted by a jury which admired her ingenuity and sympathized with her feelings.

SOME AMERICAN FREAKS.

Very entertaining review of some citizens who make a lot of money and live without effort. They are different from the usual run of humbugs, men and women who are very tall, very short, very fat, very lean, very beautiful, very plain, etc., and the romances that are woven around their lives.

THE SEASIDE RESORTS.

The World will print to-morrow, as usual, two pages of information about the seaside resorts and what is going on there. The World will print to-morrow, as usual, two pages of information about the seaside resorts and what is going on there.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

Without them there would be no world, and it would not be worth living in if there were one. They are well cared for in the SUNDAY WORLD. A full page tells the women just what they ought to wear, say and think, so that they may not have any trouble at all during the hot weather. Children, good and bad, find a page devoted to the human intellect in its minor stages of development.

THE LORD OF CREATION, ALIAS MAN.

This important creature has been too long neglected by those who give good advice about clothes and such things in this paper. He will no longer have that complaint to make. There will be found in the SUNDAY WORLD many columns of matter dealing with all his little weaknesses and telling him what to do. That page should be read by woman as well as man, for it will interest her and enable her to bring a salutary influence to bear on her young man.

LAST EDITION.

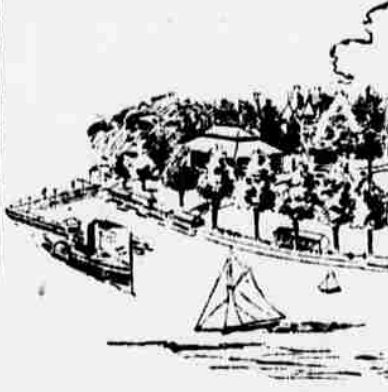
BREATHED NEW LIFE.

Weary Mothers and Sick Babies Have a Day at Belden Point.

First of "The Evening World's" Sick Babies' Fund Excursions.

A Glorious Sail Up the Sound and Happy Hours at the Point.

The first of THE EVENING WORLD'S outing parties for weary and worn-out mothers was permitted to bring one child, usually the youngest or most helpless of her brood. The excursion was under the auspices of THE EVENING WORLD'S Sick Babies' Fund, and the mothers were looked after by a chaperone.



LOVELY BELDEN POINT.

The physicians who have for four years studied the conditions of poor-life ailments, and of the very best ways of assisting the babes of Poverty Row to healthfulness would be to build up their worn-out mothers, these excursions were arranged for.

The Iron Steamboat Company carried the party. The trip was up the East-river and the Sound to Belden Point, one of the most delightful family day resorts about New York, and William Belden, beaming with benevolence and with a heart full of kindness, received and did all in his power to entertain these poor creatures at that beautiful spot.

The tickets to the excursion were distributed by THE EVENING WORLD'S free physician, and they went to those who were in immediate need of relief. The number was limited in order that there should be no crowding, and in order that, mingling in the crowd of pleasure-seekers on the Point, no one should be able to point them out as objects of charity.



PERFECTLY HAPPY.

There is many a Betty Hilden in real life, she needs help, and it is most difficult to reach her, poor, proud child of poverty! But her stout heart could never bear the sting of public commiseration joined with curiosity.

Betty might have been in the party with "Orphing" and nobody the wiser. Promptly at 9 o'clock in the morning these weary mothers were on the pier at the foot of East Thirty-first street, though the steamer Bishop did not come along for some minutes after.

A slight they were. Here was a poor, thin woman with a teething, fretful babe in her lap, and six others at her side. She leaned her head back against the wall of the pier-house and closed her hollow eyes while she waited for the boat.

"Yes, sir," she said to THE EVENING WORLD'S representative, "I have seven children and one dead. I left the other six to be mangled by the neighbors in Grand street. My husband said I should, for I am so worked out I can hardly drag one foot after the other. The doctor said it was not charity that I was taking—only my right. My share in the world, and that THE EVENING WORLD and its readers were bound I should have."

The baby that that fretful don't get much sleep at night, and any woman that looks after seven children will tell you she is kept pretty busy in the daytime."

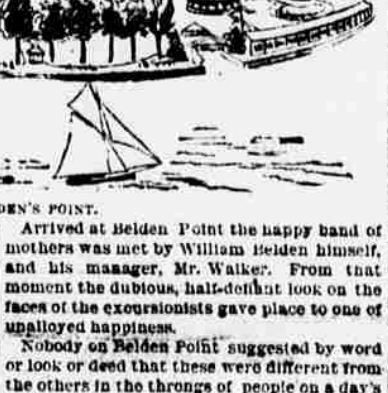
enough breeze to cool the heat without chilling, and the green fields of Long Island, the smoothly-shorn lawns of Blackwell's Ward, and Randall's Islands—all these were dreams of fairyland to these women.



ENJOYING THE AIR.

And then the broad Sound! As the Bishop passed between Forts Schuyler and Grant, Thurgood's Neck and Willet's Point, out into the broader sea beyond, the mothers went into ecstasies of delight.

All about them piled the white-sailed or brass-turreted pleasure craft of the luxurious, and it is doubtful if the listless idlers on board the little fleet got a tithe of the enjoyment out of their cruise that these women, looking on and marvelling, did.

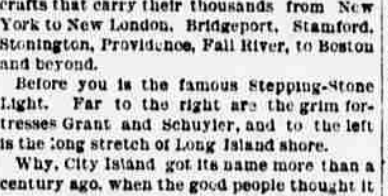


LUNCHEON.

Just one baby aside, only one faithful little woman of Forty-third street did amiss in a neighbor's baby, suffering with summer complaint, and stood sturdily ready to plead, argue or fight for the privilege when the chaperone of the party, Miss Martha, went about among them before the start.

There was one little girl of eight, Miss Nellie, a sunny-faced, blue-eyed little miss, out of sorts when the excursion started, but able to eat a bushel at luncheon, and to boast on the homeward-bound boat that she had had three rides on Eugene Hock's merry-go-round and two on Dr. Hanway's exhilarating toboggan slide.

Of course, the mothers, too, rode the toboggan, holding each other's babies the while, and some of those little ones who were not big enough to know it took a spin on the flying horses in the arms of their mothers. Mrs. Theodore, a five-year-old with a pinched face and a wistful eye, got a ride of solid enjoyment out of a ride on a pink charger with a yellow tail.



ON THE TOBOGGAN SLIDE.

He and fairy Nellie, the two thinking children of the party, revelled in the tiny play-house by a fully appointed cottage built years ago by William Belden for his own feeble and crippled daughter, now dead, and they watched the women and the baby and the baby in the big billiard hall back of the shore house, and the children in the big billiard hall back of the shore house, and the children in the big billiard hall back of the shore house.

Chaperone, artist and reporter dined on the piazza of the restaurant with Mr. Belden, and the children were taken to the shore house, and the children in the big billiard hall back of the shore house, and the children in the big billiard hall back of the shore house.

Before you is the famous stepping-stone light. Far to the right are the grim fortresses Grant and Schuyler, and to the left is the long stretch of Long Island shore. Why, City Island got its name more than a century ago, when the good people thought it was destined to be the site of a metropolis and held their lands at a figure ridiculously high.

The extreme eastern side of Belden's Point one may look across a roadstead to Hart Island, that place of the unknown dead, and listen to the story of the old fisherman about an incident of forty years ago.

Capt. Charlie McLennan—he is living yet in New York—had a cottage on City Island. One night as he knelt the ashes from his pipe preparatory to going to bed, he stepped to the door of the hut, as fishermen are wont to look at the sites and determine the hour for the morning's tide.

In the beautiful, strengthening breeze the white. Then the call for luncheon came and there was a world more energy in the movements of these listless creatures as they arose, hables to arms, in answer to the call.

Such appetites! George Murray never catered to more appreciative guests. There was chowder, rich and delicious, and sandwiches of ham and tongue and other meats, crackers and butter, milk and tea, coffee or beer, take your choice and send up your money as often as you like, and pick.

Well, well, well! But didn't those "sundies"—that's what an East Sixtieth street mother of six babies called them—didn't they stow away the milk! Most of 'em were too small to care much for chowder and such things, but their mothers made sure to eat enough for both—yes, and for the other kids left at home—for the cutting was for the mothers, and THE EVENING WORLD'S physicians wouldn't allow the mothers to take along enough children to wear them out—"minding 'em."



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Looking out he discerned over the rise of Hart Island the tops of the mast of a schooner. As he looked they slowly disappeared downward.

Capt. McLennan was wondering at this: the sound of a gun struck his ears. He crept stealthily along the shore in the direction of the sound, and saw a tall, powerful figure step upon the beach from a skiff.

CIVIL LAW PREVAILS.

Deputy Sheriffs Placed Over the Soldiers at Homestead.

Friction Between Military and Citizens Became Too Great.

Duquesne Mill Closed—Strike to Go On at Braddock To-Day.

(BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.) Homestead, Pa., July 22.—The Pennsylvania militia has been taught its proper place through a stern lesson, administered by Gov. Pattison personally.

At the Governor's suggestion a body of police officers, in persons of deputy sheriffs, were last evening placed throughout the borough of Homestead to suppress the unlimited military control that has been gradually established.

The soldiers are now to aid the civil authority and not to be its superior. The sheriff of the county or his representatives are to be the ones to say when the danger point has been reached by assemblages of citizens, the men in uniform with guns in their hands being no longer to constitute themselves, at will, judge, jury and executioners.

The deputy sheriffs now installed number sixteen in all, and in Sheriff McCleary's absence are directed by Chief Deputy Brady, who is authorized to call in the assistance of the militia to the fullest extent to preserve order and maintain the peace.

The deputies, on their arrival from Pittsburgh, were introduced to the militia officers on guard duty throughout the town by a major from Gen. Wood's regiment.

The friction in the borough between the military and the people was getting unbecomingly serious, and it is to be hoped, the indications of ugly temperament on both sides.

The soldiers were more vigorous yesterday than usual in clearing the streets. Crowds were not permitted to gather anywhere, and in some cases, rioters on the sidewalk were roughly crowded away. Consequently, the militia were regarded with gloomy silence of with suppressed anger.

The women were even more bitter than the men in their language about the troops, and a practical boycott was established in some quarters by the more radical of the strikers.

The prospect for an amicable stay at camp Sam Black is not an inviting one, and the militia is eagerly looking for orders which will permit them to return home.

Capt. Snowden says the whole command and the circumstances under which it occurred, to secure control and maintain law and order, and he declines to express any opinion as to when the militia will be ordered to return.

At the meeting of the Advisory Committee last evening it was reported that \$180 had been received from sympathetic friends during the day.

A committee which was looking into the housing of the fifty-four families that served with notices of eviction from the Carnegie property reported that forty-eight of the families would probably receive help from the Association, and 22 would have to find their own way.

A committee which had been sent to Braddock reported that the men would strike to-day. A lodge of the Association was formed of the operators in the mills.

HUGH O'DONNELL TALKS.

Confession Will Kill Him—His Surrender Not Bravado.

(BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.) PITTSBURGH, July 22.—An Associated Press representative has secured an interview with Mr. Hugh O'Donnell, leader of the Homestead strikers, now confined in the county jail.

RACEHORSES REPORTED LOST.

Seventeen Said to Have Burned with Bollingbrook Stables.

Some of the Most Valuable Stock of J. A. and A. H. Morris.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.) BALTIMORE, July 22.—The report is received that seventeen fine racehorses, the property of J. A. and A. H. Morris and of H. H. Walden, were lost last night in flames which consumed the famous Bollingbrook Stables on Carroll County.

The fire was caused by a lightning stroke. It is not yet known precisely what horses were burned. There were 100 box-stalls in the main stable, and they were nearly all occupied, the value of the stock approaching half a million dollars.

Among the stallions at the farm were such valuable animals as imported Galore, who cost \$20,000; Sir Joseph, by Glenelg; Tom Ochiltree, Winifred, Vigilant and the beautiful imported Hopeful. Probably the only insured horse on the farm was Galore, and his insurance amounts to but \$7,000.

Advices at noon say the burned horses are nearly all two-year-olds. It is believed the stallions and mares were saved.

BY STARVATION AND SAVAGES.

Capt. Stairs and His Men Were Killed Off in the Merik Country.

(BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.) LONDON, July 22.—The Times to-day says that the Marquis de Beauchamp, a colleague of Capt. Stairs and Capt. Bodson in the ill-fated Katanga expedition, has landed at Marseilles.

He describes how the Merik attacked the expedition and how Capt. Stairs, Capt. Bodson and King Maiti to parity with him, went in self-defense to kill Capt. Bodson, when the latter in about ten minutes shot Maiti. Capt. Bodson was then himself killed by the natives.

The expedition had been for twenty-six days without food except white ants and locusts.

The Belgian mission was reached just in time to save the surviving members of the expedition from starvation.

Subsequently they tried to reach the coast by the way of the Zambezi River. Capt. Stairs had been ill for a long time and he died at Shinde. One hundred and ninety natives attached to the expedition also perished.

THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD FORGER.

Messenger Goldstein Abstracted a Check and Got the Money on It.

Thirteen-year-old Jacob Goldstein was the most precocious prisoner in Essex Market Court to-day. He lives at 173 Eldridge street and is a messenger with Moses Jacobs, a tailor, of 104 Canal street.

Young Goldstein was sent to the Post-office yesterday to mail a letter. He had seen the tailor put a check in the envelope and signed it, abstracted the check, which was made payable to the father, and got it cashed at a bank on Canal street, to cash the check.

The boy admitted his guilt and was held for trial.

A HOT WAVE COMING.

Not To-Day, but During the Next Few Days, Says Dunn.

The hot wave which early this morning seemed likely to follow the thunderstorm of night has not yet reached New York. While the temperature to-day averaged 80 degrees in the shade, many thought that with the advance of the day the mercury would climb to an unenviable degree.

GOOD-BY TO GOTHAM.

Vice-Presidential Candidate Stevenson Starts Home.

He Is Perfectly Delighted with New York Hospitality.

At Buffalo and Other Places He Will Be Warmly Welcomed.

A jolly party of politicians, of whom Adlai E. Stevenson was the jolliest, left New York in a special car over the New York Central Railroad at 10 o'clock this morning.

The carload was cheered by half a hundred of Chauncey Depew's loyal employees as it pulled out of the depot, but Chauncey himself did not come out of his office.

Another cheer was given by the passengers of a train that had just pulled into the depot, and the echo from their loud hurrahs for their national enthusiasm with which Mr. Stevenson and Grover Cleveland have been greeted during their visit to New York.

Mr. Stevenson was up bright and early this morning and had his grip packed before the average New York politician commenced rubbing open his eyes.

His friend, James S. Ewing, was with him and was somewhat startled when Mr. Stevenson said to him:

"Say, Jim, I wish I had a trunk that would hold the cards of the people who called on me. The folks at home won't believe us when we tell them how many Democrats there are in New York if we don't have some proof."

Jim agreed with Adlai that it would be a good idea to take back the cards, but a box big enough to hold them couldn't be found, so they were left behind.

At 9:30 the carriage to take the distinguished party to the depot was announced, and, with a good-bye to a crowd of New Yorkers and the hotel attaches, Mr. Stevenson started for his Illinois home.

While in the car Mr. Stevenson said to an accompanying Gen. Stevenson was to accompany a trip since his honeymoon journey so much as his New York visit.

"There is no doubt of Democratic success in the Empire State," he said. "It is predestinated and is as sure as anything can be."

Accompanying Gen. Stevenson were the following Westerners: Don M. Dickinson, Gen. W. G. Newberry, Frank Adams, Colorado, Delos P. Phelps, Chairman Illinois State Committee; H. E. Ewing, William G. Ewing, James S. Ewing, Judge A. A. Goodrich, J. W. Wright, Dennis Hogan, John P. Hopkins, Chairman of the Cook County Democracy; Roger Sullivan, Jackson, Ky.; Anthony Jones of Chicago; Leopold A. Anstetter, Charles Shackelford, Jacob W. Richards, in charge of party, W. H. Underwood, Passenger Agent of the New York Central Railroad, and Gen. John C. Black.

The party will be met by a delegation of Democrats at Buffalo, and from there they will make the trip to Chicago over the Michigan Central.

Chicago will be reached Sunday morning, and Gen. Stevenson will arrive at home in Bloomington that afternoon.

SHOT DEAD A MURDERER.

A Revenged Husband Slain by His Pursuers.

(BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.) OMAHA, Neb., July 22.—John St. Germain, a farmer, living a few miles south of Chadron, in Dawes County, suspected a neighboring farmer, an old man named McLaughlin, of intimacy with Mrs. St. Germain, and waylaid and shot him dead.

EXTRA. FRICK SHOT.

Head of the Carnegie Forces at Homestead.

His Assailant Under Arrest, but His Name Unknown.

Fired Three Times at His Victim in His Office.

Latest Report.

(BY PRESS-NEWS ASSOCIATION.) PITTSBURGH, July 22.—It is just reported that H. C. Frick has been shot in his office.



He was shot three times at 1.45 by a young fellow, name not yet learned. The shooter is under arrest.

DEACON AGAINST DEACON.

The Imprisoned Husband Brings Proceedings Against His Ewing Wife.

(BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.) PARIS, July 22.—Edward Parker Deacon, who is serving a one-year sentence at Grasse for shooting and killing M. Abelle, at the Hotel Vendôme, has opened a proceeding against his wife for adultery with M. Abelle.

This action is taken by Mr. Deacon in consequence of Mrs. Deacon's application summoning her husband to permit her to have access to the children. According to the French law, if Mrs. Deacon is found guilty of the charge her husband makes against her, she will be liable to a term of imprisonment.

The custody of the children was awarded to Mr. Deacon, and they are now in charge of his brother. The statement that they are living with their mother at the convent of Our Lady of the Assumption is disproved by the action taken by Mrs. Deacon for a legal order allowing her to see them.

FROM MARY ANDERSON NAVARRO.

An Absolute Denial that She Will Return to the Stage.

(BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.) LONDON, July 22.—Mrs. Antonio Navarro (Mary Anderson), writes to the Associated Press a letter in which she denounces as untrue the reports which have been current of late that she intended to return to the stage. The Navarros will pass the Autumn in Scotland and the Winter in Italy.

New Long Distance Bicycle Record.

Made in London.

(BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.) LONDON, July 22.—A twenty-four hours' bicycling contest opened at the Herne Hill grounds at 8:05 o'clock last night. At the conclusion of the fourteenth hour of the contest P. W. Shortland had ridden 248 miles and 150 yards, thus beating the record by 1 hour and 58 minutes.

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